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"THE WORLD IS GOVERNED TOO MUCH."

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## Farmers' Department.

"SPEND THE FLOW."

All the arts and sciences pertaining to life, are closely linked together, and are intimately connected with Agriculture.—A. R. KENNEL.

From the American Agriculturist.

What Agricultural Literature has Done.  
A TRUE STORY—AND NOT A FANCY SKETCH  
MERELY "FOUNDED ON FACT."

Twenty-five years ago, I was a boy of twelve, living near one of the richest valley farms in the interior of a New England State. The farm comprised about three hundred acres, of which seventy-five were strong alluvial soil, in meadow, flooded by the high waters of every spring; one hundred more in upland pasture and arable land, and the balance in woodland. The occupant's family consisted of a son and two sisters, the elder of whom was the housekeeper. The "help" was a hired girl and man, with an additional hand, and sometimes two in haying. Here he spent his life in a fruitless attempt to support his family and educate his children. He was an industrious, a hard working, frugal man, who taught his children habits of the strictest economy; but he was an anti-book farmer, and a patron of the credit system. The merchant, the blacksmith, the wheelwright, and every one with whom he had dealings, had accounts, the balance of which were all on the wrong side, and somehow, could never be reduced. Too often, they were closed out by legal process, and I well recollect that the sheriff was the most frequent, though unwelcome visitor. The plows had the old wooden moldboards, faced with strap iron; the harrow-teeth were made of white oak; a horse rake we had never seen. The fences were rocky; the buildings dilapidated. There was an orchard, but the knowledge of fruit culture did not reach that it ever required pruning and its productions were about as large and hard as nutmegs. As the meadows lay convenient to the barns, they were fed down closely in autumn—the feed was better there than in the pasture! The cattle were never stabled in winter, nor were racks provided in which to feed them, and the quantity of forage they wasted equalled that which they consumed. The stock died in winter of exposure; in spring of weakness. The cows always calved in their early spring migrations, and were always sure of an abundance of animal food. The manure was rarely distributed in the cattle yards, because the meadows were thought to be rich enough without it, and it would not pay to draw it up hill to the pasture lands. It went on accumulating until the yards were higher than the surrounding fields. The wash of the yards was conveniently disposed of in a neighboring brook, towards which the yards sloped and by which they were effectively drained. It was the boast of our neighborhood that its cattle yards were always dry.

Under such circumstances "going to college" was out of the question for the son. It was only through much tribulation that he could attend for two terms at the village academy. His sisters must be content with the facilities for "reading, writing, and ciphering" afforded by the district school.

On this farm, in those days, an agricultural paper, book, or periodical was never seen. The father entertained a sovereign contempt for the book farming which one or two of his neighbors were beginning stealthily to practice. With him, a change of crops consisted in breaking up the meadow, planting it to corn or potatoes, and out manure, the first year, and sow it with oats and a sprinkling of grass seed the next. This sometimes "caught," as it was termed, but, often not, but it was the "mowing" next year in either event. The idea of applying chemical knowledge to the adaptation of different manures, would have been regarded as a humbug, and the man who should have predicted modern plows, harrows, cultivators, thrashing machines, reapers and mowers, would have been treated in that neighborhood with the pity and consideration due to an insane person.

The consequences were inevitable; with each year the ends were further from meeting than the year before. Then the pine, oak, and other valuable timber, and finally the cord wood, were cut off to satisfy an old creditor, while making a new one. As the son grew older, he became dissatisfied, broke away from the old homestead, and after encountering the difficulties common to such efforts, obtained an education without paternal aid, studied a profession, and settled in the practice of it in the county town of his native country.

Pass over a score of years, with their changes. The father has gone to rest. In the family arrangement the homestead passed into the possession of the husband of my eldest sister, who has now occupied it some eight or ten years, and has had no income except that derived from the product of the farm itself.

There is a change there now. In the place of the old, rambling dwelling, is a large commodious frame house, with its neat vine clad porches, its shades and blinds, and all the "modern improvements." The parlor has its piano, and with the other rooms, is finished in a style of substantial elegance. Young shade trees are springing up around the lawn in front of it—a neat flower garden is laid out on one side with a vegetable garden in the rear—young trees are putting forth vigorous shoots, giving promise of abundant fruit of various descriptions.

All the old out buildings are torn down, new ones erected in rear of the house upon a gentle slope which overlooks the meadow. Here are warm stables, in which water

scarcely freezes during the winter, for every head of live stock upon the farm. The floors are so constructed as to save all the droppings, and the manure is housed as carefully as the stock. Not a pound of hay or an ounce of grain is fed outside of the stables. The straw, stalks, and coarse fodder are all cut and mixed with grain, which is always ground before it is fed out; in this manner not a straw is wasted. Running water is carried into and out of every yard.

Are you curious to look at the stock? Here is a flock of long, coarse woolled, heavy sheep. "Leicester," I think he calls them, to begin with. "Is not this wool very coarse?" you ask, as one of the long-bodied, heavy quartered, Landseer-like looking animals nibbles at the owner's hand. "Rather," he replies, but at 30 cents per pound it brings as much money as that of many Spanish Merinos—and he goes on to tell you how it costs no more to keep them, than the little Merinos; that the ewe almost invariably produces two lambs each year, that they are very hardy, come early to maturity, and that the Boston lovers of good mutton are quite willing to give ten dollars for the carcass of a fat two year old, when common mutton could be hardly given away. Then, here are his cattle—all selected with a careful eye to their destined uses. Here are the pure bloods. Hereafter, Devons, Alderneys, and Durhams. Some for beef, some for their milking qualities, some for draft oxen. After repeated experiments, he tells us that he has concluded to keep no pigs but those of the Suffolk breed, as they make pork the cheapest. We look at a pen of them—there is scarcely a greater difference between a greyhound and pointer, than between these and the long legged, gaunt species, that used to range at will over the potato and corn-fields twenty years ago. He does not approve of the mania now prevailing for horses; he thinks that in the Black Hawk, now so popular, size and strength are sacrificed to beauty and action; and just to see whether this error cannot be corrected, here in a box stall, is a colt by old Black Hawk out of a Hamiltonian mare. He thinks he has improved by this cross on both the parent stocks, and you agree with him, as you look over the beautiful animal which he shows you. Indeed you are almost ready to say that there is no room for improvement in his stock. He thinks differently—and you will, if you look over his farm ten years hence.

Come now into his fields. Here he will utterly confound you. He is thoroughly versed in the mystery of agricultural chemistry—start him once upon alkalies and acids—phosphates and super-phosphates, silica and alumina, and he becomes so abstruse and scientific, that you are at once reminded of the frightful formulas of Prof. Horsford about chrome alum and its salts, which you and I tried so unavailingly to understand at the scientific convention at Newport. And yet there is a singular method in all his sayings. This field produced nothing! It wanted lime. Lime was furnished, and the corn crop he thinks is sixty bushels to the acre. That one was short of ammonia—ammonia was supplied, and the change is even greater. But I will not particularize further. Here are the hills, the brooks, the old trees, each of which is endeared to me by some association of childhood, but all also is changed. The wilderness has been made to blossom like the rose.

What are the net results? Upon the farm on which the father grew poor, the son-in-law lives like a country gentleman. His young lady daughters are at the Seminary. Instead of a borrower, he is a lender—each year adds to his stock list, and his note roll. Out of debt, with a farm and stock worth two thousand dollars, living comfortably and elegantly, discharging his duties towards society and his family, he occupies a position of happy independence which a professional man can never hope to attain.

What is the secret of this change? Go into his library and you will see the explanation! He is at the same time a practical and a scientific farmer. Books and papers, those garners of the experiences of other men, in part, are the tools which he works. These teach him what improvements are really valuable and he adopts them. The best investments he makes in agricultural literature. He will tell you how an article which taught him to set his fence posts with the tops downward, and gave the reason why he should do so, has doubled the length of time that his post and board fences are serviceable, with various other illustrations not less curious. Books upon chemistry, meteorology, manures, upon horse, cattle and sheep, fruit and horticulture, and all kindred subjects, with all the approved periodicals, (to many of which he contributes,) you will find there—all giving evidence of the thorough reading to which he is subjected. On the whole, I pronounce his establishment the best cure I have ever seen for the malady which afflicts too many of our farmers still, called "prejudice against book farming."

The Iowa Crops. The wheat crop of Iowa is abundant this season, though scarcely so heavy as last year. It is estimated that the people of Iowa will have a surplus of twenty millions of bushels this season. A gentleman who has traveled some 400 miles through Southern Iowa, describes the crop of wheat as very good, and corn as never having looked better.

The Blockade Felt. The Savannah Republican says that "the stock of flannel having been pretty well exhausted in the Southern markets," it will be doing a public service by suggesting that a very excellent substitute may be found in the "common coarse Georgia's cambrays."

## Corn and Cob Meal for Animals.

A writer in the Louisville (Ky.) Journal

—a great corn region—takes issue with the rest of mankind on the long debated question whether corn or cob meal was or was not injurious to animals. A dozen years ago it was a very common practice with nearly all our principal farmers to have their corn ground on the cob, as food especially for their cattle, sheep and swine; but of late years the practice has very much diminished from the pretty general belief that it was injurious to the animals. We have never held any decided opinion upon the question, having neither experimented with it ourselves, nor been convinced by the experiments of others. The writer, whose article is copied below, speaks very confidently on the negative side of the question.

For several years past there has been much said and written, favorably and unfavorably, on grinding corn in the ear as food for stock. I have been both amused and disgusted at the recital of stories told and read by individuals.

I have fed corn and cob meal, more or less, to horses, cattle, sheep, and hogs, in various forms, at all seasons of the year, for some six years, and have never seen any effect resulting therefrom. But on the contrary, have found it to be a saving of about one-half of the grain fed in the ordinary way, and more, if properly cooked and care be taken in feeding. I have fattened cattle, hogs and sheep in half the time I could on whole corn, and frequently in the coldest weather, when whole corn would not more than keep them in living order. When ground fine, I consider it better for stock than meal ground from shelled corn. It lies closer in the animal's stomach, and will not sour, as pure corn meal will. I will give one illustration to suffice for many, showing the fallacy of the danger in feeding corn and cob meal. Five years ago this winter, I put up a poor, old work ox; fed him until spring; he was fat, but as I could not sell him for what I thought he was worth, I summered him over to the next fall, put him up again and fed him as before with corn and cob meal; killed him the beginning of January following. A healthier animal I never saw, and as for fatness, there was not a single half-pound of flesh but what was streaked with fat. He was not a large animal, yet brought me nearly \$100 in Mount Pleasant market. I will give you his gross and net weight the day he was butchered. His gross weight was only a few pounds over 1800. The meat, after the kidney tallow was taken out, weighed 1000 pounds; the hide weighed 137 pounds; the whole of the tallow, after being well tried out, weighed 220 lbs. So you see that the meat, tallow and hide weighed 1357 lbs., leaving a waste of only 442 lbs., not quite one fourth. If Mr. Todd or his neighbors can beat the above, through any other process of feeding, we would like to hear from them. I will close by stating that I have horses in my possession that have been fed more or less on the above kind of food from three to five years, and my neighbors will bear me witness that few horses in the country perform more hard service.

Miasm.

On the wings of the viewless winds in September, the sickliest month of the year, there is wafted an agency of disease and death, so ethereal in its nature, so intangible to mortal sense, so insinuating, so all-pervading, that no alembic can detect its presence, no prison bar or palace gate can prevent its entrance. It is called "Miasm;" it is an emanation from the surface of the earth wherever there is vegetation, moisture and heat equal to eighty degrees, and is the fruitful cause of many diseases which ravage whole communities at a time, such as agues, fevers, diarrhoea, dysentery, cholera, pestilence and plague. But its laws are known, and its destructive agencies can be averted by avoiding exposure and fatigue in the hot sun, and by the hour including sunrise and sunset, at which times a hot breakfast and supper should be eaten, by a good fire, in all prairie, flat, water course, and lake and marsh situations. If the common people could only be induced to take these simple, easy, practicable, and comprehensive precautions, these diseases would be prevented as epidemics, or arrested in their progress, as certainly as that care can prevent the firing of a town, and that water will put it out. These are the teachings of science, and experiment has demonstrated their truth beyond a cavil. Yet who will take these precautions?

[Hall's Journal of Health.

EMPLOYMENT OF CAMELS IN CALIFORNIA.

Julius Bandman, who owns ten Bactrian camels, which Mr. Frim's imported from Siberia, is convinced, after months of experience and observation, that these camels are valuable for packing over mountains and plains. He trots them over the San Francisco sand-hills daily, to eat thistles and exercise their muscles under bags of sand, each camel being able to carry easily 650 pounds, and Fort Yuma officers say they can make thirty miles a day under 1000 lbs. The big humped brutes are models of temperance, rising at four o'clock, retiring at sunset, drinking water only, and that but once in ten days, when two buckets will suffice each animal. They are very healthy, ugly, and tractable; and the Alta, from which paper we condense these facts, intimates that packers ought to experiment with them in the Sierra Nevada.

OXEN SACRIFICE. Peel the onions and boil

them tender; squeeze the water from them; chop them; and pour on them butter that has been carefully melted, together with a little good milk, instead of water. Boil it up once. A turnip boiled with the onions makes them milder.

## MISCELLANY.

From the Knickerbocker.

### RUNNING THE BLOCKADE.

[Lieut. Judson, then in the United States Navy, took the following narrative down from the lips of a warm-hearted, hard-fisted, jolly old fellow, who in the last war with England commanded a privateer-schooner, named the Hope, a beautiful clipper of about one hundred and fifty tons, and two thirty-two pounder pivot-guns.]

We were lying in New York Harbor, just betwixt Governor's Island and the Battery, when the fleet chased the old Constitution so hard was blockading the channels at both ends of Long Island, keeping look-out along shore with their frigates and tenders that not a craft dare stir out of her anchorage. This made me as cross as an English man of war's man on short rations; for I was lying in port, feeding a crew, deeping my craft on expenses, and all that; and it didn't suit my free-born nature to be cooped up like a stray pig in a strange pen, when I knew that money was to be made on blue water, if I could only reach it. So one day I mustered the crew aft, and upon them a bit of a speech; told 'em that it was all humbug for us to lie there doing nothing, and asked 'em if they would stand by me to the last if I would try to run the blockade; telling 'em at the same time that I intended to let the craft sink before she should be captured; that the stars and stripes should never come down from the schooner's truck while she floated above water.

The crew gave three cheers, which was all the answer I wanted; so I gave orders to re-stow the hold, clean up the arms and get everything ready for sea. I intended to take the first nor'-west wind and dark night and try the run.

I didn't have to wait long before the night and nor'-west came. It was indeed a fine night for my work. The wind came fitfully off the land in squalls; the heavy black clouds that tumbled along between the stars and the earth made everything as black as the middle of a tar-bucket, and the rain fell down as if the caulking of the sky had all fell out.

Soon after the darkness had got fairly settled I called all hands and reeled our sails down snug, then roused up the anchor and got under way. I set the main sail, close-reveled fore-top-sail and jib and with the wind on my starboard quarter, stood down the bay, steering by compass and soundings.

It was uncommonly dark, and once in a while the squalls would sweep down the bay, bellying out our scant sails and bending the creaking spars over the bows, while the craft quivered like a dry leaf in the autumnal blast.

We showed no light, and kept as quiet as a mouse when the cat is in its vicinity as we neared Sandy Hook, for we knew that the tenders of the fleet would lie close in under the land, so as to make a lee, as also to keep a look-out for coasters or the like of us, who might take the advantage of the weather, and try to give them the slip.

We kept on very well till we were clear of the Hook, and were stretching over the middle ground in a little over three-fathom soundings, when I, who was standing by the wheel of the bowsprit, with a night-glass in my hand, trying to send my eye ahead in the darkness, suddenly caught a glimpse of a dark object, close aboard and directly ahead of us. I had scarcely sung out, "Hard a-port your helm!" to the steer-mate, when luffing up in the wind a little, we passed close along side of a large schooner, which was lying to on the off shore tack, with her close-reveled foresail set. As we swept past her, I saw at once that she was a man-o'-war, and at the same time her officer of the deck hailed us:

"Schooner ahoy! Who are you? Heave

to, or I'll fire into you."

I was so completely thrown aback by this sudden meeting, that I forgot to answer him, and on we swiftly swept in the darkness, without even giving him a light to show where we were. But he was pretty good for guessing, for within four or five minutes a shot came whizzing along not more than forty or fifty fathoms to lee of us, and then we could see the lights glancing about the deck, as all hands were called, and we knew that she was making sail in chase.

Light ho! sung out a man from aloft, and then in an instant added: "Lights ahead and on both bows, Sir!"

Then before the words were out of the top-mast's mouth, my first lieutenant sung out from the quarter-deck, lights on the weather quarter and beam, Captain Bowlin!

I clambered aloft and took with me my glass and saw, that we were completely hemmed in. A circle of light surrounded us, all of which I knew came from the enemy's shipping, and to crown the whole, and make a bad fix worse, the rascal whom I had passed a moment before, commenced throwing up signal-rockets to show where our schooner was.

showed by the change in his bearings and the motion of his lights, as they swung to and fro from his bending spars, that he was following in my wake under the press of canvas. He kept continually throwing up rockets and blue-lights, and I limited as nearly as possible each signal that he made, for I knew that if the heavy ships outside of me smelt the rat, and found out what I was, a single broadside would be enough for my poor little schooner.

Apparently exasperated at our good imitations, the craft astern yawned from her course and fired a couple of shot at us, but we paid no heed to her harmless shots, and as she only lost ground by firing, she stopped it and passed on in chase. We too cracked on every thread of canvas which our craft would bear, knowing that everything depended on passing the ships outside without receiving a fire from them.

Once more I took my glass and went forward to pick the best spot to pass the line. Just ahead of us were two lights pretty closely together, which I thought, from the height at which they hung, might be suspended upon the gaffs of frigates or corvettes, and I made up my mind to run boldly under the stern of the rear-most of them, and to try to pass myself off as one of their tenders, knowing that nothing but a stratagem could save me. So, showing similar signals to those of the schooner astern, I held my course. In a moment we neared the sternmost ship, and just then I saw by her lighted ports that she was a three-decker line-of-battle ship. I reckon I was a little scared, just then, but I didn't tell my men so, and they seemed to be as cool as white bears on an iceberg.

As we came within hail of the seventy-four, a gruff English voice shouted thro' a trumpet:

"Schooner ahoy! Is that the Nerisid?"

"Thank God, for that hint thought I as I answered:

"Ay, ay, Sir!"

What's in the wind he again hailed. Your signal officer must be drunk; we can't understand you. Explain yourself!

I'm in chase of bloody villain of a Yankee, that is trying to run the blockade!

Oh! very well! he answered; I hope you'll catch the sneaking scullion!

So do I, and keep him after he is caught, but 'hopes' are slippery things, as the old woman said of the oels which she was skinning, when she lost them overboard.

Another moment and we were beyond his hail, and outside of the line of ships, bowling off at the rate of eleven or twelve knots. In a few minutes we doubled every light, then altered our course four points to the southward, and in a few minutes were hidden from the enemy by the darkness.

I soon saw the pursuing schooner run under the stern of the seventy-four, and then, by the new signals made, knew at once that my stratagem had been detected. The seventy-four fired guns, and at once the lights of the whole line commenced changing their bearings, and I saw at once that a general chase had been ordered. I didn't care now, however, for I knew that my little craft had the heels of 'em, and with the darkness to aid me, I felt assured of my escape.

Before day broke I was away down off the Cape of Delaware, with everything astern of me built-down, and as I shaped my course for the West Indies, I laughed to think the Englishman's "Horn" had proved so slippery!

### A Beautiful Jewish Allegory.

The following Talmudic allegory, relating to David the "Sweet Singer of Israel," is from the Hebrew Review, vol. 3, page 95, and is entitled, "The Songs of the night:"

As David in his youthful days was tending his flocks on Bethlehem plains, the spirit of the Lord came upon him and his senses were opened and his understanding enlightened, that he might comprehend the songs of the night. The heavens proclaimed the Glory of God; the glittering stars all formed one chorus. Their harmonious melody resounded on earth and the sweet fullness of their voices vibrated to its uttermost bounds.

"Light is the countenance of the Eternal," sung the setting sun. "I am the hem of his garments," responded the rosy tint of twilight.

The clouds gathered and said, "We are his nocturnal tent;" and the waters in the cloud, and the hollow voice of the thunders joined in the chorus: "The voice of the Eternal is upon the waters; the God of Glory thundereth; the Lord is upon many waters."

"He did fly upon my wings," whispered the wind, and the silent air replied, "I am the breath of God, the aspiration of his benign presence."

"We hear the songs of praise," said the parched Earth; "all around is praise; I alone am silent and mute!" And the falling dew replied, "I will nourish thee, so that thou may be refreshed and rejoice, and thy infants shall bloom like the young rose."

"Joyfully we bloom," replied the refreshed meadows. The full ears of corn waved as they sang, "We are the blessings of God; the hosts of God against famines."

we dwell on the altar of the Lord, and sleep under the shadow of his wing in tranquillity and peace."

"And peace"—echoed the night, and echo prolonged the sound—till chattering awake the dawn and crowd. "Open the portals, the gate of the world! The King of Glory approaches. Awake! arise!! ye sons of men; give praise and thanks to the Lord, for the King of Glory approaches."

The sun arose, and David awoke from his melodious rapture. And as long as he lived the strains of creation's harmony remained in his soul, and daily he recalled them upon the strings of his harp.

### The Man who knows Everything.

A mighty knowing man was Caleb Page, who kept the grocery at the fork of the road near Woodchuck Creek, Sprag Hollow, in the village of Hornville. No occurrence has taken place, of all the particulars of which Caleb did not possess a thorough knowledge in the minutest detail. All matters in the prospective were anticipated, discussed, arranged, and satisfactorily disposed of by Caleb, long before they took place. If a neighbor rushed into the store to communicate what he believed to be a very recent piece of news, he would have the correct taken out of him by being told by Caleb that he "had heard of it a week ago."

Events of the past, present, and future were all the same to him; his ubiquitous knowledge grasped and covered them all—to him they were all "stale news."

A bet was made one evening between Si Stevens and Joe Stubbs. Si bet Joe couldn't nonplus Caleb with any piece of intelligence—real or imaginary. Joe took all such bets as that.

The following evening Si and Joe, accompanied by two or three more of the boys of the village, who were to "help the thing along," and "fill in" proceeded to Caleb's store. After being comfortably seated here and there on barrels, boxes, etc., Si opened the evening amusement by asking, in a manner that indicated that he was continuing a conversation commenced before they had entered the store:

"So you say, Joe, that they caught him at last?"

"Yes, sir, about seventeen minutes past eight."

"Well, Joe, how far up the creek was it?"

"On a careful consideration, I should say it was about three miles, or three miles and a quarter, or perhaps a half, up the creek."

Caleb, who had not lost a word of the conversation, dropped the sugar scoop with astonishment, and opened his ears, for the boys were talking about a matter in which he was not "posted up." The conversation continued:

"Well," says Si, "that couldn't 'a' been far from Deacon Hunt's?"

"Just so," answered Joe, "it was about eighteen rods from Deacon Hunt's hog-pen, in a slant-wise direction."

"Did you hear, Joe," said Si, with a face as solid as a gravestone, "how much lie they got?"

"Yes, I did," replied Joe, with another face as solemn as two grave-stones; "I hear'n that they got nigh about sixty bar's of lie."

The wage observed that Caleb was getting exceedingly uneasy, and "piled it on."

"Well, Joseph, how long was the reptile?"

"Well, Silas, the insect was about eighty-two feet long, and twenty-eight feet old inches broad—thick in proportion."

"I thought, Joe, that there was two on 'em."

"That's a fact; there was a pair on 'em, but they only caught the he one."

At this point of the dialogue, Caleb became so desperately excited that he could contain himself no longer, and snappishly demanded to know "what'n the thunder they were talkin' about."

"Why," said Joe, with well-feigned astonishment, "don't you know about their catching that are—"

"That are what?" peevishly snarled Caleb.

"Why, that are whale!" seriously answered Joe Stubbs.

"A whale!" exclaimed the bewildered Caleb, "have they caught that whale up the creek?"

"They haven't caught anything else," said the imperturbable Joe.

"And how much lie did they get?" inquired Caleb, as he recovered his wits.

"Ninety-two bar's," replied Joe, forgetting the amount he had previously mentioned.

"Well," said Caleb, with slow deliberation, and a satisfied look, "I'm glad they caught that whale, for I heard they were after him."

A professor in a New England college has long been distinguished for the little he knew or cared about secular things. One day as he was going to pass the store, his wife sent for some coffee. He accordingly called for the coffee, when the merchant asked "how much?"

He replied, "They didn't tell me; but I should think a bushel would be enough."

## The Harvest Home.

In these days of public excitement, there are many people who will be either unable or indisposed to go away from home to attend the larger exhibitions of the agricultural societies. Such people ought not to cut themselves off from the benefits of social gatherings with their neighbors, and a most excellent way to keep a good neighborly feeling, is to join in a rural festival, which may very appropriately be called a Harvest Home.

A gathering of this sort need not be attended with any money expense. A school house, a country church, or even a vacant threshing floor, can form a rallying point, and as it should be held only upon a fair day, even a grove would be the best place for the meeting. Such a festival might embrace the features of a show of farm and garden products and household manufactures, or be simply a meeting for social and intellectual entertainment, singing, addresses, etc. In either case there should be a great spread of table comforts from a general contribution of the neighborhood, of which all could partake. Be sure and enlist all the doctors, and other learned people of taste, and with short and lively speeches, merry songs, romps, flirts, chats, plays and whatever else is right to be done, make a day that shall be a day of sunlight upon the path of toil, to be remembered and acted over again in the good time coming. [Field Notes.

A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM. An old lady whose husband was troubled with rheumatism was told that if she sprinkled a little sugar in the warming pan, and then warmed his bed at night, the sugar would effect a cure. The lady tried it out, but unfortunately she sprinkled the bed with brown sugar instead of the warming pan. Meantime her husband got all ready to jump in, and the moment the warming pan was withdrawn, in popped the rheumatic invalid. Quicker than the shake of a lamb's tail he popped out again, and danced round the room, with both hands on his seat of honor. In his dance, he unfortunately hit the warming pan, and whisked the coals all over the room part of them coming in contact with his bare feet. This made him dance still more briskly; and soon he saw that his wife's scheme was in a blaze. He thereupon seized the bed quilt and after a good deal of trouble the good woman was put out. The excitement and pain caused by these scenes effectually cured the rheumatism. It fairly frightened it out of him.

THE TRAITOR'S DUMP. March 20, 1782.

On the Earl of Surry's rising, in Parliament, to make his motion about removing Ministers, he happened to spy Arnold, the American seceding general, in the House, sent him a message to depart, threatening, in case of refusal, to move for breaking up the gallery, to which the General answered that he was introduced there by a member. To which Lord Surry replied, he might under the condition stay, if he would promise never to enter it again. To which General Arnold complied. This is the second instance of public disrespect he had met with,—the King having been forced to engage his royal word not to employ or pension him—a just reward for treachery, which is ever odious. [Curwen, p. 388.

We trust that such of the American traitors of the present day, as escape the halter, will meet with like treatment in whatever country they sojourn.

An idler boasted to a farmer of his ancient family, laying much stress upon being descended from an illustrious man who lived several generations ago. "So much the worse for you," replied the farmer, "for we find the older the seed, the poorer the crop."

A Scottish student, supposed to be deficient in judgment, was asked by a professor, in the course of his examination, how he would discover a fool. "By the questions he would ask," was the prompt and highly suggestive reply.

Wm. H. Russell, Regular correspondent of the London Times, writes this of the President:

ABRAHAM LINCOLN. What a change since the heir of England stood there by the side of one who may prove to be the last President of the United States—united, at least, as a voluntary entirety! The feeble courtliness of Mr. Buchanan is replaced by the straight-forward purpose and energy of Mr. Lincoln, on whose broad shoulders has fallen the grievous load of his predecessor's vacillation and errors; and the letters, dispatches, and messages which nurtured civil war are succeeded by speeches to armed legions, who are about to end it by conquest or in defeat. It is probable the English public are already familiar with the lines of the sorrow, long, and strongly-marked face of the present President, which to me is indicative of shrewdness, honesty, and some love of humor; the eyes are deeply set, dark, not very bright, but penetrating and kindly; the tall, lank body, set on long, loose legs, with powerful arms swinging by his sides, is inclined with a slight stoop forward, and in his movements, if there be not much grace, there is no lack of vigor.

In Manchester, N. H., a little fellow, just past his first decade, stepped into his father's office a few days ago, and said to one of the clerks, "I shall get my company full pretty soon; I have sworn in three to-day."

"Sworn in," said the clerk, "how did you do it?" "I made them hold up their hands, and say 'Glory to God,'" said the incipient captain.



# The Oxford Democrat

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TERMS.—One Dollar and Fifty Cents per  
year, in advance: Two Dollars, at the end of  
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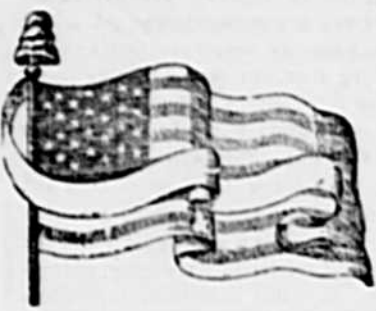
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Boston, and 122 Nassau Street, New York, or  
our authorized agents.

JOB PRINTING neatly executed.



## General Fremont and the President.

No public document has come from any  
public functionary for years, to which there  
has been such a general hearty, and cordial  
response, as the late proclamation of Gen.  
Fremont. This response has come from the  
people—the men who do the fighting and  
pay the taxes. This approval of General  
Fremont's proclamation not only every-  
where springs up in the free States, but loyal  
citizens in all the slave States have shouted  
their hearty amen.

Amid the general rejoicing, when the  
wisdom, promptness, independence, and  
bravery of the gallant Fremont was the  
theme upon every tongue, the President  
came out and threw a wet blanket over  
the whole thing. His modification of Fre-  
mont's proclamation is but another speci-  
men of the doubtful policy of the Adminis-  
tration towards the accused rebels who are  
prosecuting this war with a savage spirit  
that has no parallel in the records of civiliza-  
tion. "Hit 'em easy," seems to be the  
ruling idea at the White House.

Let us stop and look at this matter a  
moment. First, as to the necessity of the Fre-  
mont policy; and, second, the excuse of the  
President for modifying it. Missouri to-  
day would have been in the hands of the  
rebels and a subdued province to the traitors  
had "Washington policy" controlled it.  
Missouri was saved from destruction by  
the bold, gallant and intrepid course of the  
brave and patriotic Gen. Lyon, and the  
brave men who followed his fortunes until  
his death. It is sometimes said that "easy  
blows kill the devil;" but it never did it  
in Missouri. The country demanded the  
appointment of a man to the command of  
the Western Division who would act with  
promptness, vigor and boldness—a man  
who would carry out the policy inaugurated  
by Gen. Lyon. All eyes turned upon Fre-  
mont, and the President responded to the  
call, and he was appointed. Upon assum-  
ing his command, Gen. Fremont found St.  
Louis and the whole State full of traitors.  
Nothing could be said or done which they  
would not communicate to the rebel forces.  
The city of St. Louis rested upon one vast  
volcano, ready to burst out and destroy  
everything before it at any moment. Fre-  
mont took the bull by the horns and de-  
clared it under martial law. It had the de-  
sired effect; and it became, under the ad-  
ministration of his Provost Marshal, one of  
the most quiet, orderly cities in the Union.

Another difficulty came up outside of the  
city. Slaveholding rebels stocked up their  
plantations with slaves, under the direction  
of slave masters and drivers, and then while  
their negroes were raising supplies for the  
rebel army, they were overrunning the State  
and co-operating with traitors from Arkan-  
sas and Tennessee, and bringing Missouri  
under the despotic yoke of the Davis dy-  
nasty. To meet this emergency, Gen. Fre-  
mont declared martial law throughout the  
State, and freedom to the slaves owned by  
the rebels. This was the hardest, best di-  
rected, and most effective blow leveled at  
the rebellion since its commencement. It  
was in strict conformity with the law of na-  
tions, as explained by John Quincy Adams,  
and every other statesman of any note,  
either in our country or in the Old World.  
The war power undoubtedly gave a much  
greater latitude to General Fremont than  
he undertook to exercise. This power con-  
ferred authority upon him as a military  
commander to liberate every slave in Mis-  
souri; but he very properly limited it to  
the slaves belonging to the rebels.

The President now orders him to modify  
it; and for what reason? Simply that it  
is inconsistent with the confiscation act of  
Congress, of Aug. 6th, 1861. This is just  
no excuse or reason at all. That act ap-  
plied to slave property actually engaged in  
acts of rebellion. The proclamation of Fre-  
mont had nothing to do with this act; it  
was neither based upon it, or contrary to it.  
The President is not ignorant of the great  
fact that martial law supersedes all civil  
law, and that under this great law of  
necessity, all acts of Congress, and all other  
acts that stood in the way of its vigorous  
execution, are for the time being superseded  
and void. More acts of Congress can never  
put down rebellion. Acts of Congress  
among the rebels in Missouri, have no more  
potency than so many pieces of white paper.  
But not so with that higher law which has  
been resorted to by all great military com-  
manders in all ages and in all governments.  
Gen. Jackson saved New Orleans by over-  
riding and absolutely setting at defiance all  
civil law.

The potency of Gen. Fremont's proclama-  
tion has been destroyed by the modifications  
of the President. There will be a jubilee in  
all rebellion over it. The effect is and will  
be indirectly to lend aid and comfort to our

enemies, while it discourages and disheart-  
ens loyal men everywhere, especially in the  
border slave States. Another tendency of  
the thing will be to prolong the war—crip-  
pling the energies of the army, and thwart-  
ing the well laid plans of the gallant Path-  
finder in subduing rebellion in Missouri.

We had hoped when James Buchanan  
vacated the White House, we had seen the  
last President who would take the ground  
that slave property should receive at the  
hands of the government protection above  
other kinds of property. But we were mis-  
taken. A Republican President ties up the  
hands of one of his generals, and forbids his  
treating slave property like other property.  
His officers are seizing other property almost  
every day, simply and only for the reason  
that it belongs to the rebels, and confiscat-  
ing it; and in the same breath that he or-  
ders this done, he says to Fremont—hands  
off the slaves; property in men, women,  
and children is more sacred than in ships,  
lands and merchandise.

The loyal people of the country will never  
stand by the President in a policy so doubt-  
ful. They believe and know that General  
Fremont is right. They want this war  
brought to a successful close within a reason-  
able time. This rebellion is too formidable  
to be put down by any temporizing, half-  
way policy, and he who thinks it can will  
find himself mistaken when it is too late to  
rectify the error.

## Secretary Chase.

Among the great and eminent statesmen  
of the present age, stands prominent Salmon  
P. Chase, now Secretary of the Treasury.  
In 1856 we advocated privately his nomina-  
tion for the Presidency, and prior to the  
Chicago Convention, we did the same thing  
both in public and private. We did this,  
independently of all private or personal  
considerations, because we believe in  
point of talent, statesmanship, honesty and  
Roman firmness, he had but few equals and  
no superiors.

Gov. Chase was called to the Cabinet by  
the voice of the people, and against the pro-  
test of the wire-working politicians in the  
Republican party. It was urged by his op-  
ponents that he was a radical man; that he  
was too much of an abolitionist; that his  
appointment would be unpopular in the  
slave States, and distasteful to the conserva-  
tive interest in the North. Notwithstand-  
ing all the clamor that was raised in this  
and other ways to keep him out of the Cab-  
inet, he was selected by President Lincoln  
for the important post of Secretary of the  
Treasury. And this selection was fortunate  
for the nation. He is the "right man in  
the right place." With a second class  
statesman or a trading politician at the  
head of the Treasury department in these  
perilous times, we should break down in all  
our financial operations. When Gov. Chase  
was appointed Secretary of the Treasury,  
our Government credit was lower than it  
ever had been before. This was owing to  
the treason, knavery, and outrageous dis-  
honesty of Howell Cobb, and the Buchanan  
dynasty.

In order to carry on our army operations  
we need daily, large sums of money for dis-  
bursement, and notwithstanding Gov. Chase  
found the Treasury empty and the Govern-  
ment largely in debt, he has managed with  
such consummate skill and ability, that our  
wants have been thus far supplied, the  
credit of the government never better, and the  
"sinews of war" at hand to help in the  
great work of putting down rebellion. As  
a skillful national financier, we believe  
Secretary Chase has no equal in the Union.  
And yet he is not extravagant or lavish of  
money. No man guards the National Treas-  
ury with greater care; no man recommends  
and practices a more rigid public economy.  
His plans and recommendations, and the  
measures he has adopted, are so many un-  
mistakable evidences of the foresight and  
wisdom of the man. He knows how to get  
at the pockets of the people, and whenever  
he desires loans or financial accommoda-  
tions at their hands, he approaches them in  
a way that brings a patriotic response.

Such is the man at the head of the Treas-  
ury Department. High as he stands in the  
good opinions and estimations of his coun-  
trymen, he is gaining new laurels every day,  
and when rebellion and treason have been  
completely and effectually quelled, a grate-  
ful people will remember with pride the  
distinguished man whose ability, honesty,  
and wisdom contributed so conspicuously  
in producing the great result.

As will be seen by notice in another col-  
umn, Mr. James Ross, of Woodstock, is  
raising a company to go into the 11th or  
12th Regiment. These regiments complete  
the quota of men called for from Maine,  
for the 500,000 authorized by the last Con-  
gress. The cavalry regiment now being filled  
will be the 10th. One company of this regi-  
ment is to be taken from Androscoggin and  
Oxford—head quarters at Lewiston. We  
learn from the Journal that the roll is being  
rapidly filled up.

These Androscoggin papers need attention.  
The Pioneer is now printed, in part, in  
French; and the Times, in effect, puts in  
the Indian. Here is an item from the last  
number of the Times, which is a capital  
paper, what we can read of it:

"ISHKWAPEAKIZING. Taonishishin  
chitiquajuk anw kau nukutong o uki  
autahimigohauduk keishikewad dush."

ELECTION OF OFFICERS IN COMPANY K.  
The Republican says the election of officers  
in Company K, Lewiston Zouaves was held,  
this week, at Camp McClellan, Cape Eliz-  
abeth, Portland, and resulted as follows:

Captain, Geo. H. Nye; 1st Lieutenant,  
John F. Witherell; 2d Lieutenant, Fayette  
Bicknell.

L. L. I.—Lewiston Light Infantry Co.,  
elected new officers as follows: William K.  
Knowlton, Capt.; Butler, 1st Lieut.;  
A. G. Rankin, 2d Lieutenant.

The house of William Nickerson, in Gar-  
diner, Me., was burnt on Saturday. Loss  
\$400; insurance, \$200.

Counterfeit \$2 bills on the Wampanoag  
Bank, Fall River, and 5's raised to 10's  
on the American Bank, Providence, are  
abroad.

## A Christian Hero.

"I am going up." These were the last  
words of one of the bravest and most effi-  
cient military chieftains that ever led an  
army into battle. We need not say that we  
refer to the lamented Gen. Lyon, who fell  
at the battle near Springfield, Missouri.  
He died as he lived—a Christian, faithfully  
performing his duty to his God and his  
country. There was a moral sublimity  
about his death, which rendered that scene  
of conflict one of surpassing interest to the  
Christian patriot. Gen. Lyon was forced  
into the dreadful alternative of either re-  
treating before McCulloch and Price, with  
the certainty that all North-Western Mis-  
souri would fall into the hands of the rebels,  
and his little army be driven out or cap-  
tured, or attack the enemy with fearful odds  
against him. His patriotism and heroic  
bravery decided the question, and he resolv-  
ed to lead his gallant band to victory or death.  
Summoning the officers of his forlorn hope  
around him he communicated his plans.  
The plan of battle was laid. The intrepid  
Seigel, with one wing of his little army was  
to pursue a circuitous route, and attack the  
enemy's rear, while Lyon and Sturgis were  
to rush upon the centre.

Before separating, Gen. Lyon in calm,  
but depending tones, communicated to his  
little band of officers his fears and his de-  
termined resolutions; he explained the diffi-  
culties to be encountered, the fearful odds  
against them, and the probabilities that to  
conquer under the circumstances would be  
almost an impossibility. With sad looks,  
Lyon and his Spartan band of officers left  
their tent to open the fearful drama of a  
battle.

In a few moments the booming of cannon,  
the wild blast of the bugle, the crash of re-  
sounding arms, and the wild hurrahs of his  
brave soldiers told the tale—that the battle  
was raging. All along his line, amid  
showers of grape, amid the smoke and din  
of battle, Lyon could be seen dashing along  
upon his faithful charger, leading his men  
to the very cannon's mouth. The bravery  
and daring of Lyon fired up his army to  
the highest pitch of enthusiasm. Ah! There  
was fighting upon that battle field,  
such fighting as no other battle field has wit-  
nessed during the present war.

The dreadful contest had not raged for  
hours; the guns of Seigel had not yet been  
heard. Lyon summoned around him Stur-  
gis and a few of his officers who had not  
been slain or disabled; his brave soldiers  
lay in heaps, dead and dying, around him;  
his surviving men were engaging five to one  
against them, yet they were fighting with a  
bravery that scarcely has a parallel in the  
pages of history. There sat the devoted  
leader of that devoted band upon his war  
horse, (and one had then already fallen un-  
der him,) the blood streaming from a con-  
tusion in his head and another in his foot,  
with his keen, fiery eye flashing fury at the  
foe. He gathered up what little strength  
remained about him, and told his men he  
would lead them in a last desperate charge  
to save themselves from defeat; then, wav-  
ing his hat, he shouted to his men to fol-  
low, wheeled his charger in the direction of  
the enemy, when he suddenly fell to the  
ground with his death wound. His faithful  
surgeon rushed to the side of his dying  
General. With a serene look, Gen. Lyon  
had only strength enough to respond in the  
memorable words at the head of this article,  
"I am going up," and he was no more.

Wolf died in the moment of victory, and  
said "he was content." Lyon died an  
equal hero, with a halo of glory pointing  
the way "up" to those peaceful regions  
where wars and the din of battle never more  
disturb its inhabitants. Well have the loyal  
citizens of this republic wept over the  
death of the brave, the conscientious and  
faithful Lyon. No wonder that garlands  
bedecked the pathway of his funeral train,  
all the way from the prairies of Missouri to  
the quiet banks of his native Connecticut.  
No wonder that thousands bent over his  
coffin and wept like children at their coun-  
try's loss.

He was a Christian, and has gone to the  
Christian's rest. He has left to his country  
his entire property, the rich legacy of noble  
deeds, an honest heart filled with true pa-  
triotism, and an undying fame, unstained  
by no unholy ambition or unworthy acts.  
Bright will stand his name upon the his-  
torical page; and long, long will his mem-  
ory be cherished by a generous and grateful  
people.

For The Oxford Democrat.

ACBURN, SEPT. 23, 1861.

MR. EDITOR: • • • • • Re-  
cruiting is very lively in our country. Across  
the bridge in the city (?) of Lewiston, are  
at present, four recruiting offices. One for  
the 17th Regiment of Infantry, Regular  
Service; one for Capt. W. R. Fossenden's  
company, the 1st Regiment; one for the  
Ira Harris Brigade of Cavalry, Capt. W.  
F. Twitcheell, (an Oxford Boy) Recruiting  
Office; and the fourth for the Maine Regi-  
ment of Cavalry. This last is under the  
charge of another of Oxford's sons, Mr. A.  
J. Burbank, a native of Bethel, in your  
country. Mr. B. graduated at Bowdoin  
College 14 years since,—taught school for  
five years with success in different Acad-  
emies in this State and was always regarded  
a superior disciplinarian. For the past  
seven years he has been engaged in active  
business, and is eminently qualified for  
a position in the Regiment of Cavalry de-  
manding energy, enterprise and a practical  
administrative, business talent. He has en-  
tered into this cause with his whole soul,  
and we predict for him a brilliant future.  
He is a right down good social fellow tho'  
strictly temperate in his habits. Success  
to him and all worthy sons of Oxford!

## Oxford County Agricultural Society.

The Nineteenth Annual Exhibition will  
be held on Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thurs-  
day, of next week. The Trustees have li-  
censed the following Programme for each day:

First Day.—In the forenoon, receiving,  
entering, and arranging Stock and articles  
for exhibition. All persons are required to  
observe this, and have whatever they pro-  
pose to exhibit on the ground before 12 M.  
At 2 o'clock, P. M., Trotting Match for  
Colts not exceeding 3 years old, for Society's  
premium of \$5.00.

At 4 o'clock, Trotting Match for best  
trotting four year's old Colt, \$7.00.  
Second Day.—At 8 o'clock, A. M., Plow-  
ing Match.

At 10 Meeting of the Society in the upper  
hall of the building, for business.

At 12 o'clock P. M., Drawing Match.

At 4 o'clock, Foot Race.

At 4 1/2 o'clock, Ladies' Riding.

Third Day.—At 9 o'clock, A. M., Trot-  
ting Match, for the best trotting horse that  
has been raised and always owned in Oxford  
County, \$20.

At 10 1/2 o'clock, Trotting Match, for  
the best trotting horse owned in the State,  
\$30.

All horses that have taken the first pre-  
mium at the State Fair, will be excluded  
from competition.

At 1 o'clock, P. M., Awarding Commit-  
tee will report.

It will be seen that while one or two pre-  
miums larger than usual are offered for  
trotting horses, the exercises are so arranged  
that on the second day there will be no trot-  
ting. This has been done to avoid the  
scruples of many who do not approve such  
things, yet have an interest in Agricultural  
matters. Another advantage of this, is to  
give more time for the Annual Meeting, en-  
suring a larger attendance, and a better un-  
derstanding of the affairs of the Society.

The success of the exhibitions has been so  
uniform that the debt of the Society has been  
greatly reduced, with a good prospect that  
the whole will be soon extinguished. This  
accomplished, the allowance by the State,  
with the amount accruing from the sale of  
tickets, will, in a short time, enable the  
Trustees to offer much larger premiums,  
and to add still other features to the Exhi-  
bition to increase its interest and value to  
the public. In the meantime it is the duty  
of each member to do his utmost to secure a  
goodly exhibition of animals, produce, but-  
ter, cheese, and articles of domestic manu-  
facture.

The Trustees have done their work, and  
now look to the members to second their  
efforts to secure a good Fair.

MADAME BISHOP. This celebrated singer  
is to give a grand concert, at South Paris,  
on Wednesday evening. Her praise goes  
before her, so that words of compliment  
may be changed to congratulation, that ac-  
cident gives our citizens an opportunity to  
hear her. Do not let Fast day be haunted  
with regrets that you did improve the op-  
portunity to listen to such an entertainment.

That our paper is issued a day earlier than  
usual is apparent. Our explanation is, a  
desire to close the office on the day appoint-  
ed for the National Fast.

The Portland papers state that Frank C.  
Farrington was arraigned on Monday, for  
passing a worthless \$5 bill on the Wolboro-  
ugh bank, Wolborough, N. H. He  
pleaded not guilty and waived an examination,  
and was ordered to recognize in the sum of  
\$500, on the charge of passing, and \$1000  
for having a quantity in his possession with  
intent to utter.

The Cornish band goes to the war, with  
the ninth regiment. The Lewiston band  
will accompany the first.

Mr. Jarvis C. Stevens of Portland, is re-  
cruiting for a cavalry company, to go into  
the 10th regiment. The company, we learn,  
is composed of superior men, and offers, per-  
haps, as great inducements to those inclin-  
ed to enlist as any. It will probably be  
filled up this week; and it would afford him  
pleasure to have some of the vacancies filled  
with names of his friends in this vicinity.

CATTLE SHOW AT NORTH WATERFORD.  
The Waterford Agricultural and Mechanics'  
Club, holds its annual exhibition and Fair  
at N. Waterford, on Friday, October 11.  
An address is expected, and arrangements  
have been made for a successful show.

SOUTH DOWNS SHEEP. Some time since,  
Farnum Jewett, Esq., mentioned to us that  
he hoped to offer for sale, during the Ox-  
ford County Show, on the grounds, some of  
his prime South Downs Sheep. If his sup-  
ply is not exhausted, it will afford our peo-  
ple a good opportunity to obtain not only a  
choice stock, but very fine animals.

THE OLD FARMER'S ALMANAC No 70,  
for 1862, of this much respected annual has  
already been issued, and a copy is upon our  
table. Its contents are full of learning and  
wisdom, fitted for the months as they ap-  
proach. Swan, Brewer & Tilton, Boston,  
publishers, will fill the orders of dealers,  
who ought to dispose of as many copies  
as there are families in their precinct.

WEST OXFORD AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.  
Through the politeness of G. B. Barrows,  
Esq., Secretary, we are in receipt of a  
pamphlet of 56 pages, containing the pro-  
ceedings of the Exhibition and awards of  
premiums for 1860, with premium list and  
committees for 1861. The Show will be  
held on the grounds of the Society, at Frye-  
burg, on Tuesday, Wednesday and Thurs-  
day, October 8th, 9th, and 10th. We shall  
endeavor to give some notice of the pro-  
ceedings.

WANTS TO MAKE A RAISE. His holiness,  
the Pope being probably in want of a sup-  
ply of pocket money, since his territory and  
revenues have become reduced, has recently  
offered to our government some of the paint-  
ings and works of art of great antiquity,  
at Rome. Unfortunately for him, our ad-  
ministration is so devoted to the art of war  
as to turn a deaf ear to his overtures; and  
the ecclesiastical coffers are not replenished  
in this direction.

## UNION AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY. The Union

Agricultural and Horticultural Society,  
holds its annual exhibition, at East Sumner,  
on Wednesday and Thursday, October 23d  
and 24th. By request we publish the list  
of awarding committees:

On Horses and Colts.—M. E. Osgood,  
Luther Hollis, Jason Mitchell.

On Trotting and Fast Horses.—Orin  
Irish, E. A. Farrar, William R. Cary.

On Bulls, Steers and Heifers.—Dastine  
Spaulding, Joshua Young, John Hald.

On Herds.—Lucius B. Alley, F. F. Rob-  
inson, Orin Farrar.

On Sheep and Swine.—Freeman Keen,  
Lucius Robinson, L. L. Farrar.

On Farm Crops.—A. D. White, Gilbert  
Barrett, P. R. Tilton.

On Roots and Vegetables.—Orin Rob-  
inson, A. G. Cole, Lucius Bonney.

On Fruit.—C. B. Atwood, Solomon Bis-  
hop, Hopewell Bushe.

On Poultry.—Eliphalet Morrill,  
Merriam Parsons, William Irish.

On Town Teams.—David G. Tinkham,  
William L. Taylor, S. C. Heald.

On Drawing Match.—Nathaniel Gerrish,  
Jr., Otis Turner, J. F. Benson.

On Working Oxen and Heef.—Joshua  
Barrows, Jr., Moses Fry, Jesse Turner.

On Matched Cattle.—William B. Spar-  
row, Simeon Keen, Elmer Ellis.

On Cows.—Benjamin W. Briggs, Cyrus  
Ricker, Freeman Hollis.

On Dairy Products.—Mr. & Mrs. A. P.  
Bonney, Mr. & Mrs. Hiram Heath, Mr. &  
Mrs. B. F. Robinson.

On Household Manufactures.—Mr. &  
Mrs. E. A. Tucker, Mr. & Mrs. James Irish,  
Mr. & Mrs. N. T. Shaw.

On Bread and Honey.—Mr. & Mrs. B.  
G. Willey, Mr. & Mrs. Isaac Richardson,  
Mr. & Mrs. Asa B. Atwood.

On Leather, Harnesses, Boots and Shoes.—  
F. A. Warren, Lyander Bartlett, A. J.  
Roberts.

On Millinery.—Mrs. Lewis A. Cobb, Miss  
Ester Corlis, Miss Jane Hall.

On Fancy Articles.—Mr. & Mrs. Na-  
thum Moore, Mr. & Mrs. John Thompson,  
Jr., Mr. & Mrs. Asia Ricker.

On Agricultural Implements.—Perry  
Thomas, Isaac Bonney 2d, Oscar Gardner.

On Miscellaneous Articles.—S. G. Cush-  
man, Moses Alley, Lorenzo Atwood.

KENTUCKY. The prompt action of the  
Legislature comes upon the rebels, with start-  
ling force. They are determined to dispute  
the possession of the State warmly and leave  
no stone unturned to drag the State into  
the Confederacy. L. B. Buckner, Brigadier  
General has issued a flaming proclamation  
to the effect that the Legislature has proved  
faithless to the popular will. This has been  
followed by another, from Gen. Anderson,  
who now takes the field. It is as follows:

Kentuckians.—Called by the Legislature  
of this my native State, I hereby assume  
command of this department. I come to  
enforce, not to make, laws; and, God will-  
ing, to protect your property and your lives.  
The enemies of the country have dared to  
invade our soil. Kentucky is in danger.  
She has vainly striven to keep peace with  
her neighbors. Our State is now invaded  
by those who professed to be her friends,  
but who now seek to conquer her. No true  
son of Kentucky can longer hesitate as to  
his duty to his State and country. The in-  
vaders must, and God willing, be expelled.  
The leader of the hostile forces who now  
approaches us, I regret to say, a Kentuckian  
making war on Kentucky and Kentuckians.  
Let all past differences of opinion be  
overlooked. Every one who rallies to the  
support of our Union and our State is a  
friend. Rally, then, my countrymen, around  
the flag our fathers loved, and which has  
shielded us so long. I call you to arms for  
self-defense and for the protection of all  
that is dear to freedom. Let us trust in  
God and do our duty as did our fathers.

(Signed) ROBERT ANDERSON.  
Brigadier General U. S. A.

Gov. McGuffin has ordered Gen. Critten-  
den to carry out the resolutions, expelling  
the invaders; and the latter has issued a  
proclamation calling out the military force  
of the State. A regiment of Home Guards  
left Louisville, to prevent the advance of  
the rebel forces. Troops from Ohio and  
Indiana are already on the ground, and  
there is every indication of an active and  
efficient campaign being carried on at once.

MAP OF THE SOUTHERN STATES. We are  
indebted to the publisher, for a copy of an  
elegant map, bearing the above title. It  
appears to be correctly drawn, is well en-  
graved and printed, and gives a larger num-  
ber of cities and towns than any other that  
has come within our notice. Several edi-  
tions are issued, costing from 50 cents to  
\$3.50. A township map of Virginia is al-  
so offered, at \$1.00, handsomely engraved  
on steel.

Capt. Risworth Rich, of Portland, has  
been chosen Colonel of the Ninth Regiment.

Dr. W. C. Robinson of Portland, has  
been elected Professor of Materia Medica  
and Therapeutics, in the Maine Medical  
School.

The U. S. Court, Judge Clifford presid-  
ing, is now in session in Portland.

CALIFORNIA. The returns indicate the  
election of the Republican candidate for  
Gov., by a majority on both the Union and  
disunion democratic candidates. The lat-  
ter have about an equal number of votes.

MISSOURI. A week of conflicting tele-  
graphic reports in Missouri, results in giv-  
ing us information that Col. M. Ulligan, with  
a force of 450 men, at Lexington, was  
obliged to surrender to Gen. Price, on ac-  
count of water. The garrison was entirely  
destitute for two days. Our loss was 37  
killed and 140 wounded. The rebels suf-  
fered severely, losing 800 killed and wound-  
ed. It was impossible to send reinforcements  
by the river, from the heavy fire of the  
rebels, while forces from above could not  
cross. The engagement lasted several  
days. The holding of the place is said to  
be of no particular importance at the pres-  
ent time.

By his will Gen. Lyon bequeathed all his  
property, \$30,000, to the United States.  
Thus did he give both his life and fortune  
to his country.

## From the New York Post.

The Tories of 1776 and 1861.

Let us ask history how our fathers acted  
on this subject during the old war for inde-  
pendence, first remarking that the traitors  
who are now seeking the life of the nation  
continually attempt to deceive their deluded  
followers with the idea that theirs is the  
position of the patriots of the Revolution  
when struggling for human freedom. Their  
abettors in the loyal states echo these pro-  
testations; and, in speech and print, and  
more substantial ways, commit treason  
against the United States which the nation-  
al constitution defines "adhering to their  
enemies, giving them aid and comfort." To  
those who will make the comparison the  
falsehood will appear monstrous. I assert,  
without fear of honest contradiction, that  
in all this rebellion there cannot be found a  
single feature of resemblance to the Revolu-  
tion out of which was evolved this con-  
solidated nation, except the extraordinary  
likeness of the abettors of the conspiracy  
in the loyal states to the worst Tories of  
that period. In those times may be found  
an exact counterpart of the men and wo-  
men of to-day who, by speech or through  
the press, uphold the traitors and justify  
their attempts to destroy the government.  
Those are the persons who are now begin-  
ning to feel the weight of the government's  
displeasure. How did our revolutionary  
fathers treat such people? Let the public  
records testify.

"Opposition" Newspapers in the Revolu-  
tion.

The leaders of the Revolution had very  
little trouble with "opposition" news-  
papers. Up to within twenty years of the  
Declaration of Independence, they were  
little more than mere newspapers. They  
were only vehicles of general intelligence  
concerning current events, and were seldom  
resorted to as a theatre for discussions of  
any kind. The editor seldom expressed an  
opinion. But when the war for indepen-  
dence was kindling, the newspaper was  
found to be a more convenient channel for  
communication with the public than the  
pamphlet, and political, religious and social  
topics were discussed in its columns. Ed-  
itors of the Zenger stamp appeared, and as  
the quarrel between the mother country  
and the colonists advanced and waxed hot,  
party lines were more distinctly drawn.  
The newspapers took partisan positions, in  
obedience to the proclivities of their respec-  
tive conductors, and neutrality gradually  
disappeared.

Such was the position of the newspaper  
press in the Anglo-American colonies when  
the war broke out in 1775. In all those  
colonies there were only thirty-seven news-  
papers, and of these, at the time in ques-  
tion, only seven were devoted to the inter-  
ests of the British Government. These were  
soon stifled by public opinion, wherever the  
whigs, as the patriots were called, bore rule,  
while five of the remaining thirty were se-  
duced by







## MISCELLANEOUS.

Vice stings us even in our pleasures; but virtue consoles us, even in our pains.

If time is money, some people have a good deal more money than they know what to do with.

A girl at a party in town the other evening was asked what made her face so unusually red; she replied the chaps.

In every great man's soul there is a tinge of melancholy. In the recesses of the thick branches and leaves of the mighty oak, twilight lingers even through the mid day.

A journal asks what is the difference between a good soldier and a fashionable young lady? and replies: "One faces the powder, and the other powders the face."

A curate having been overhauled by his bishop for attending a ball, the former replied, "My lord, I wore a mask." "Oh, well," returned the bishop, "that puts a new face on the affair."

THE DOWNWARD ROAD. Vice first is pleasing; then it grows easy; then delightful; then habitual; then confirmed; then the man is impotent; then he is obstinate; and then he is ruined.

The chief secret of comfort lies in not suffering trifles to vex one, and in prudently cultivating an undergrowth of small pleasures, since very few great pleasures are let on long leases.

"Say, Pete Jonesing, is a sword 'bolished in de army?" "Oh course dey isn't, Snowball; wha' makes yer ask setch a stupid question, you ignorant?" "Oh, nuffin, only I heard tudder day dat five thousand syers was gain' to take de field with Sicksles."

At the battle of Waterloo a Frenchman who spoke a little English cried out:—"Quarter, quarter!" to one of the Forty-Second Highlanders. "The muckle may quarter ye for me," was the reply. "I ha' nae time to quarter ye; ye maun e'en be content to be cut in twa," and he suited the action to the word.

SINCERITY. There is a charm in the presence of truthful and sound-hearted man, that causes others, possessing the most seductive talents, but wanting this attribute, at once to give place to him. There are those whose souls we instinctively trust, as does the eagle from the topmost crag the invisible air.

A vendor of hoop skirts was recently extolling his wares in presence of a customer's husband. "No lady should be without one of these skirts," said the storekeeper. "Well, of course not," dryly responded the husband, who was something of a wag—"she should be within it."

To be happy, the passions must be cheerful and gay, not gloomy and melancholy. A propensity to hope and joy is rich riches; one to fear and sorrow, real sorrow.

Affection, like spring flowers, breaks through the most frozen ground at last; and the heart which seeks but for another heart to make it happy will never seek in vain.

WAR TERMS. A battalion is smaller than a regiment—say two or four companies—and is commanded by a colonel; it has also a lieutenant-colonel and a major. A brigade is composed of two or more regiments, and is commanded by a brigadier-general. A division is composed of two or more brigades, and is commanded by a major-general.

AN ORIGINAL ZUCATE LETTER. The following is worthy the pen of the original Donkeys, and is a pretty good "take off" on telegraphic reports:

I've just returned from witnessing one of the most mournful sights that ever made a man feel as though he had been peddling onions all the week and grating horse radish on Sunday. It was the dying scene of one of the Pet Lammie's down at Alexandria, and as one of the Five's chaps remarked, it was enough to make the eye of a darning needle weep. Jim was the name of the sufferer—if he ever had any other it had slipped his memory—though his affectionate relatives sometimes called him "Shorty." He was out on picket guard when the Southern Confederacy attempted to pass him. He challenged the intruder, and called to his comrades for help, but before the latter arrived the Southern Confederacy drew a masked battery from his pocket, and fired six heavy balls through the head of the unfortunate Zucate, nearly fracturing his skull and breaking several panes of glass. The cowardly mercenary then fled to an adjoining fence, closely pursued by Sherman's artillery.

Upon discovering that he was wounded, Mr. Shorty examined the cap on his helmet, and stood it carefully against a tree, buttoned up the jacket to his neck, and asked his comrades for a chew of tobacco. Too full of emotion to speak, the gentlemanly comrade handed a plug of tobacco to the dying man, who cut off about half an ounce from it, placed it thoughtfully in his mouth, and then stuffed his handkerchief carefully in the hole in his forehead made by the shot.

"Is any of my brains hanging out?" he asked of his comrade.

"No, Shorty," answered the other, burst into tears; "you never had any to hang out."

After this response, the dying man paused for a moment to spit in the eyes of a dog that was smelling round his heels, and then proceeded in the direction of the hospital. As he passed the officer's tent, I noticed that the top of his head was completely gone, and one of his eyes was half way down the back of his neck. Upon entering the hospital, he took up a pipe and commenced to smoke it, at the same time giving us a history of his life and career. After finishing the pipe and the history, he asked us to wrap him up in the American flag, and died.

P. S.—Since writing the above, I have heard that a such occurrence took place at Alexandria. The alarm was occasioned by the falling of a bundle of hay in the officers' quarters—the noise having been mistaken for the discharge of artillery. I have since learned that no accident has occurred, and that Shorty did not come with the regiment, but remained in New York.

## CLOCKS, WATCHES, JEWELRY!

## WHOLESALE AND RETAIL!

## JOHN S. ABBOTT.

## Clocks, Watches &amp; Jewelry FANCY GOODS, PERFUMERY, TOYS, STATIONERY, AND

## Patent Medicines

## At the LOWEST CASH PRICE!

## COUNTRY DEALERS will do well to call on him and save their freight from the city.

## PEDDLERS will find it for their advantage to call on him and stock up. Being in connection with

## Importing Houses,

## In Boston, he thinks he can furnish goods cheaper than can be found this side of Boston.

## He has WATCHES of American, Swiss, English and French, Hunting and Open Face, Gold, Silver and Gilt cases.

## SPECTACLES, of all kinds, and any quantity of glass to set in old Spectacle frames, to suit all; and

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## The Great Indian Remedy

## FOR FEMALES.

## Dr. Mattison's Indian Emmenagogue.

This celebrated Female Medicine, possessing virtues unknown of any thing else of the kind, and proving effectual in all cases of female complaint, is now being sold in bottles of one dollar, and is the only medicine of the kind that has been tried in vain.

Over 2000 bottles have now been sold, and within a single year, when taken as directed, and with the least injury to health in any case.

It is put up in bottles of three different strengths, with full directions for using, and sent by Express, to all parts of the country.

PRICES.—Full strength, \$1.00; Half strength, 50 cents; Quarter strength, 25 cents.

Remember! This medicine is designed to cure all cases of the kind, and is the only medicine of the kind that has been tried in vain.

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## SINGER'S SEWING MACHINES.

IN all the leading branches of manufacturing industry, the great practical superiority of Singer's Sewing Machines is a fact established by every dispute. No tailor, shoe manufacturer, clothier, seamstress, dress-maker, saddler, carriage trimmer, hat manufacturer, &c., can afford to do without them.

ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS A YEAR.

It is only a fair average of the actual profit to be derived from the use of our Sewing Machines, and for confirmation of this truth, we refer to any one of the thousands who use them. They are adapted to every sort of work, fine or coarse, upon silk, cotton, linen or woollen fabrics, also, light and heavy leather. They never fail to give satisfaction.

To meet the growing demand for a smaller and more elegant machine for private and household purposes, we have just produced, and are ready to receive orders for Singer's

NEW FAMILY SEWING MACHINES.

Which is the most compact and beautiful Sewing Machine ever constructed. It is ornamented in the highest style of the art, and all who see it are delighted with it. It makes a wide variety of stitches, and is capable of doing a greater variety of work in better style than any other Sewing Machine ever offered for family purposes.

It is not subject to the objection of using twice the good thread, and making a rattling sound, like the Grover & Baker; nor is it confined in its operation to a few thin fabrics, liable to get out of order and undressed to use. It is made of iron, and is not liable to rust. It is simple and easy to perform all kinds of family sewing.

Price of Family Machines with iron trim complete for \$100. The larger standard machine for \$125 to \$200. Send for P. M. Singer & Co.'s Gazette, a beautiful pictorial paper, devoted to Sewing Machines, and containing list of prices and all other information on the subject. It will be forwarded gratis.

I. M. SINGER & CO., 438 Broadway, New York.

BRANCH OFFICES: Boston, Albany, Baltimore, St. Louis, Providence, Gloucester, Cincinnati, N. Orleans, N. Haven, Rochester, Chicago, St. Paul, Philadelphia, Nashville, Paris, Fr. Local Agents wanted.

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BAILEY & NOYES, 56 AND 58 EXCHANGE STREET, PORTLAND.

Have constantly on hand a full supply of ALL THE SCHOOL BOOKS, IN USE IN THE STATE, AT WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

Being largely engaged in Publishing, our facilities for obtaining books of every kind, and at the lowest prices, are such that we can sell cheaply.

Are equal to any house in New England.

—ALSO—

BLANK ACCOUNT BOOKS! A large assortment always on hand. We have a GOOD STOCK OF ROOM PAPERS, Which we sell at New York prices.

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Real Estate for Sale!

THAT VALUABLE PROPERTY situated in the village of Andover, corner known as the Crockett estate, formerly owned and occupied by the late Lewis Crockett and N. B. Crockett, and now owned by the late Dr. A. Allen, and at present occupied by Nathan Dyer. This property consists of about sixteen acres of very superior land, with a nearly new 2 story house, built of brick, and with a large barn, and a well, and a good well-wooded barn, about 40 by 75 feet, and suitable outbuildings.

Also, the Tavern stand adjoining, and the store and lot on which it stands, on the opposite side of the road.

The above property will be sold low (if applied for soon, and terms of payment made easy).

For particulars inquire of the advertiser, at Andover, Mass.

L. C. ALLEN.

Andover, Sept. 1st, 1860.